Fort Hotel Dinard

Sunday. St David's Day 1936

Dearest René & Joan. How MSS arrived
& thank you so much for yr letter. Heard
the King over the radio this afternoon —
well must be honest have spotted wh
a bit more. — all about his old
Dad, as far as I could make out.
why did'nt he say — I am sick.
I am very sick. I will give you
all a prime time. — I will fair
sock these buggers who do you down —
dirty scunt I loath them. — but no
he kept mum — but I like him
all the same. Heard Lloyd George
last night talking about St David's Day
& Wales — well — pretty cheap &
& good lot of bally — but like his
voice to some extent — talked about
the ramparts of Britannia. — reminded
me of my old par. when he
used to make sermons in mission
rooms. nice but sometimes he cracked
on no end. just been to
Benediction & a sermon by a
Catholic missioner — Lord he
fair wittered about — Hallalooja, he
did come at me. all about the

I enclose Michaels' cards — what do you think
Many many thanks for letter

Judgement Day & Co — Just Cronie.
says what of yr immortal soul
how many souls have yr — one
my dear brother, one, my one,
says Christ yr will ork out if
yr dont look after it. what of
this body — it is dust — mere powder,
dust both ears there nice girls
or these grainges nor these
pound notes they are so much
dirt. O he did carry on —
waved his white beard too & fro.
They gave me leeks to eat to-day
& put me in a vase on my
table. Jim Jimmy my Preface &
sent it to Harman because he
wrote to me & said he wanted
to read it. He will pass it on
to Tom to be typed. Tom has
found a nice girl who will
type it for me. Mrs Hotel is
being full to the very doors with
old boys only bed taken. so that
Kit Dawson who was coming here cant
get in. Been trying to do some
drawings of trenches & things —
dont know what will come of it.

Prudence was here with me last
Sturdays day. I wonder who on
all are & if you have seen Steels.
no news — this is just to send
my love. It is fine particle today.
but not so bad. Been looking for
primroses but not found any.
I do seem to have a lot of letters
to write — I seem to be writing
all day. but I expect it is
imagination to a large extent.
just write to Tom. & ~~Kit~~ Dawson.
must stop can't think of anything to say.
I wish you were both here. or I was
with you somewhere — it does seem a
long while since I saw you, both.
I notice you use semi-colons in your
letter to me — should be start using
with great care & grammatical
accuracy — shortly, & properly addressed,
I think we might, well my dear friends
I must lay aside my pen. for this
present time; pray to excuse my
writing of so much tollocks, I
must in the future remember that

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.

believe me to be your humble
& affectionate friend,
Walter David Michael Jones.